THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

— OR —

SIDDHANTA DEEPIKA.

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TRANSLATIONS.

THE VEDA'NTA-SU'TRAS WITH S'RI'KANTHA BHA'SHYA.

(*Continued from page 198.*)

Adhikarna 8.

The Sûtrakâra raises and refutes an objection to the foregoing theory:—

(Jiva) being mentioned (to be one with) the other, there follows an incongruity such as neglecting what is good. (II. i. 21).

(*Objection*):—Because in the words "That thou art,"* and "This A'tman is Brahman,"† Jîva, the effect, is mentioned as one with Brahman, the cause, it has been shown that they are not distinct from each other. In that case it would follow that the all-knowing and all-pervading Parames'vara undoes the universe for His own good and creates it for His own evil. Then it may be asked, how is it that I's'vara, who is all-knowing and of unfailing will, and who knows that the pain of jiva who is no other than Himself is His own pain, engages in the creation of the universe, which as leading to samsâra is an evil, and does not abstain from creation for His own good. Accordingly once it is proved that Jiva and Parames'vara are one, there follows this incongruity, that Parames'vara, though all-knowing, is guilty of a want of sense in so far as He abstains from what is good to Himself and engages in what conduces to His own evil. Wherefore it does not stand to reason that Jîva and I's'vara, the cause and the effect, are one.

(*Answer*):—In reply we say as follows:

But (the Cause is) superior, because of the mention of a distinction. (II. i. 22).

Though the cause and the effect are one, the Cause is declared in the S'ruti to be superior to the effect, to the sentient and insentient universe, in such passages as the following:

"Superior to the universe is Rudra the Mighty Sage."*

So, a distinction is is also made between Jiva and Parames'vara in the following passages:

* Chhâ. Up. 6-8.

† Mandûkya. Up. 1.

* Mahânâ. 10.

"But he who controls both, knowledge and ignorance, is another."*

"The one God rules the perishable (Pradhâna) and Atman."†

"Thinking that A'tman is different from the Mover (the Lord)."‡

"Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree."§

"Two Brahmans ought to be known, the superior and the inferior."||

"There are two, one knowing, the other not-knowing; both unborn; one strong, the other weak."¶

"He is the eternal among eternals, the sentient among the sentient."**

"Having entered within, He is the Ruler of the creatures."††

"Know then Prakriti is Mâyâ, and the great Lord the Mâyin."‡‡

"From that the Mâyin sends forth all this; in that the other is bound up through that Mâyâ."§§

"When he sees the other, the Lord, contented... then his grief passes away."||||

"He is the master of nature and of man, the lord of the three qualities."¶¶

"Of these creatures (pas'us), the Pas'upati is the Lord."***

Wherefore quite superior to the universe is Brahman, otherwise called S'iva.

(*Objection*):—By establishing non-duality in II. i. 15, and duality in II. i. 22, you have only proved duality-and-nonduality of Brahman and the universe.

(*Answer*:—No; we do not establish that sort of Vis'ishtâdvaita which takes the form of duality-and-nonduality. We are not the advocates of an absolute distinction between Brahman and the universe as between a pot and a cloth, because of its opposition to the sruti declaring that they are not quite distinct from each other. Neither are we the advocates of an absolute identity as of the mother-o'-pearl and silver, one of them being illusory; for, it is opposed to the sruti which points to a difference in the inherent attributes of Brahman and the universe. Nor do we hold to duality-and-nonduality, which is opposed to the nature of things. On the other hand, we maintain that the unity of the conditioned Brahman—as the cause and the effect—is like that of the body and the embodied, or like that of the substance and its attribute. By unity of Brahman and the universe, we mean their inseparability like that of clay and the pot as cause and effect, or like that of the substance and its attribute. A pot, indeed, is not seen apart from clay, nor is the blue-lotus seen apart from the colour blue. Similarly, apart from Brahman, no potentiality of the universe can exist; nor is Brahman ever known apart from His potentiality of the universe just as fire is not seen apart from its heat. Whatever is not known apart from something else, the former must ever be conditioned by the latter, and this latter is naturally one with the former.

Wherefore Brahman who is in no way separable from the universe is said to be one with the other. And there is a natural distinction between the two; so that the supreme Brahman is ever higher than the universe. As to their distinction as the cause and the effect, it has been already explained in II. i. 9. Wherefore this theory is quite unopposed to the S'rutis declaring distinction as well as non-distinction.

And as in the case of stone etc; it is incongruous, (II, i, 23.)

(*Objection*:)—Under all conditions, Jîva and I's'vara are one, because of the s'rutis declaring non-duality.

(*Answer*:)—No, because of an incongruity. Jîva and Is'vara cannot be identical, because, like the insentient stone, timber, grass, etc, the jîva also is, on account of ignorance etc, said to belong to quite a distinct class from the Is'vara who is possessed of such attributes as omniscience. Therefore Is'vara is a distinct entity from Jîva. Thus even the Jîva, sentient as he is, cannot be identical with Is'vara owing to this difference, that the latter is superior. Much less can the insentient existence which is essentially different be identical with Is'vara. From all standpoints of view, by Sruti, Smriti and reasoning, we see that the omniscient and omnipotent Parames'vara is quite

* Sveta. Up. 5-1.
† Ibid. 1-10.
‡ Ibid. 1-6.
§ Ibid. 4-6.
|| Maitrâyaní. Up. 6-22.
¶ Sve. Up. 1-9.
** Ibid. 6-13.
†† Tait. A'ra. 3-11.
‡‡ Svet. Up. 4-10.
§§ Ibid. 4-9.
|||| Ibid. 4-7.
¶¶ Ibid. 6-16.
*** Tait. Samhitâ. 3-1-4.

superior to the whole universe, sentient and insentient though, as His own emanation, it is not altogether distinct from Him.

Adhikarana 9.

(If you urge that) it is not so, because we see an assemblage, (we say) no; as in the case of milk, indeed. (II. i. 24).

In such passages as "One alone, without a second;" and "The one God, producing heaven and earth"; we are told that one alone, Parame'svara, is the cause of the world. Is it reasonable or not that He, one alone as He is, is the cause of the variegated world?

Such a doubt arising, the *Pûrvapakshin* says: It is not reasonable, as involving an incongruity. This creation, made up as it is of ether, air, fire and water, is various. How can this be without the cause being variegated? Indeed, we find an assemblage of many factors in producing such things as car. Wherefore it cannot be that the cause is one.

Siddhantin says: Such a view cannot be maintained. It is possible for even a single cause to be transformed into an effect, as, for example, in the case of milk which, alone, becomes transformed into curd. Wherefore the universe is the effect of the single cause, Brahman.

As to the contention that variety in the effect presupposes a variety in the cause, we say it is wrong, because we see the formation of a variegated effect such as hair, nail, etc., out of the one sentient man. Wherefore in producing the variegated effect of the universe, Brahman requires no other cause. Now, the sutrakara says that everything is possible for the mighty:

And also, as in the case of Devas etc., in the world. (II. i. 25).

Just as the Devas, of whose powers we are told in the Sastras, can put on as many forms as they like, so also, in the case of Paramesvara, of whose powers we are told in the sastras, everything is possible. The sruti declares that the power of Parame'svara is infinite, in the following words:

"He who rules these worlds by His highest creative and ruling powers." What is impossssible for Him?

Adhikarana—10.

Either it leads to the whole (becoming the effect), or there will be a contradiction of the teaching as to partlessness (II. i 26).

Now, there arises a doubt as to whether the aforesaid doctrine that Brahman becomes transformed into the universe, is consistent or not with reason?

(*Pûrvapaksha*):—How can we reconcile with reason the doctrine that the One alone is transformed into the universe? In case that He becomes entirely transformed into the universe, as milk is transformed in its entirety into curd, then it would follow that Brahman as a whole becomes the effect, that no Brahman is left as such. Or, if it be only in part, it will contradict the S'ruti which declares that Brahman has no parts. Wherefore Brahman's transformation is not consistent with reason.

(*Siddhânta*:)—As against the foregoing we hold as follows:

But (it is so) by S'ruti, revelation being the only source. (II. i. 27).

The doctrine that the universe is a transformation of Brahman is quite explicable, *b*ecause the s'ruti says so. S'ruti is the sole authority on the matter, there being no other authority. Because it is taught in the s'ruti, the doctrine is not stultified by Brahman's possession of uncommon powers, He being quite different from all the things we know of from other sources of knowledge. Thus it is quite possible for Him who is quite full to be Himself the cause as well as the effect. The doctrine of genus, for instance, holds that the one genus is present as a whole in each of the individuals of infinite number and utmost variety; no objection being allowed in the matter on the analogy of other things. Hence no incongruity whatever, Revelation being the only source of knowledge regardig the nature of Brahman.

And so in A'tman. They are, indeed, various. (II. i. 28)

Simply because Jîvâtman belongs to a distinct class, we find him possessed of the attributes of the sentient as opposed to the attributes of the insentient existence. Even the individual objects of the insentient class such as fire, water, etc, are found to be possessed each of a distinct class of attributes, and are therefore quite various. Accordingly Brahman, too, of whom our knowledge is based solely on the authority of the Revelation, is possessed of various and infinite potentialities. Hence no contradiction whatever.

And because of an incongruity in his own theory. (II. i 29).

As to the incongruities, such as the whole cause having to become the effect, they can only vitiate the theories of Pradhâna and other such causes, which are said to be without parts and which are brought under the category of the insentient existence, but

not the theory of Brahman based solely on the authority of Revelation.

The Sûtrakára proceeds to declare that everything is explicable because Brahman is omnipotent.

And His Sakti is all-embracing as declared in the sruti. (II. i. 30)

We are given to understand that all potentiality is centred in Brahman, in the following passages:

"His Supreme Energy (Parâ-S'akti) is declared to be various, His inherent energy of knowledge and strength."

"Let it be known that Mâyâ is the Prakriti, and that the Màyin is the Mahes'vara. By His limb, as it were, is all this universe pervaded."

Wherfore, possessed as He is of all powers, what is not possible for Him?

If you say He cannot be (the cause) as having no sense-organs, (we reply) it has been answered. (II. i. 31)

(Objection):—Brahman is said to be without sense-organs in the following passage.

"For Him there exists neither body nor the senses." Wherefore He cannot be the cause.

(Anawer):—No; this objection has already been answered by saying that Brahman should be known as declared in the S'ruti which is the sole authority in the matter. The Holy Divine S'ruti—such as "Let it be Known that Mâyâ is the Prakriti, and that the Máyin is the Mahes'vara: by His limb, as it were, is all this universe pervaded;"—is the sole authority as to Parames'vara, endued with the Supreme Sakti of Mâyâ possessed of various and infinite potentialities,—assuming the form of the universe by a piece of His Sakti, while in Himself He is beyond the universe. On this subject the Purâna also has the following:

"Bow to Him, whose thoughts are various and rise higher and higher above the universe; in a piece of whose power the whole is comprehended; whom, as the Master of all paths, the path-knowers declare as the Path; who is distinct from the whole universe."

Thus there is no room whatever for any discussion as to what is possible or what is impossible in S'iva, the Parames'vara, the Parabrahman, who is devoid of all taints, and whose omnipotency is based on the sole authority of Revelation.

Adhikarana 11

Again, the Sûtrakâra raises an objection and answers as follows:

No, because of every action having a purpose (II. i. 32).

It has been decided that Brahman who, as the Sâstra says, possesses all powers, can be the cause of all effects. Still, all activity having some purpose in view, a doubt raises as to whether it is consistent or not to hold that Parames'vara who has attained all desires engages in the creation of the universe and other such acts.

(Pûrvapaksha):—How is that possible? Indeed, S'iva is said to be the unsurpassed Bliss itself and is contented, in such passages as the following:

"Bliss is Brahman"

"All-pervading Consciousness and Bliss; formless and wonderful; associated with Umâ."

How can He engage in creation and other activities without any purpose in view? If His activity should have a purpose in view, then he could not be ever-contented; if not, He would be doing something out of the way like a senseless being.

(Siddhanta):—As against the foregoing we hold as follows:

Still, as in the world, it is a mere sport (II. i. 33).

It cannot be urged that the Ever-contented Brahman cannot consistently engage in the creation of the universe and other such acts, which, having no purpose to serve, must be purposeless. Even purposeless activity is consistent on the part of Paramesvara, as a mere matter of sport. Just as, in the world, such activity as the beating of a ball goes on as a matter of mere sport without any purpose in view, so also Paramesvara, though He has attained all desires, engages in creation etc., as a matter of mere sport. Hence no incongruity whatever.

Adhikarana 12

No partiality nor mercilessness, because of reference to an external standard. So, indeed, the Sruti declares. (II. i. 12).

It has been shown that, notwithstanding the absence of all purpose, Paramesvara engages in the creation of the universe etc., as a mere matter of sport. Here again a doubt arises whether this is possible or not.

(Purvapaksha):—The act of creation, even as a matter of sport, is not consistent on the part of Parame's-vara, who, as all—full, is devoid of likes and dislikes.

As equal to all, Parames'vara must be quite indifferent. Creating happy bodies, like those of the Devas etc., for some beings, and painful bodies like the human for some others, He cannot but be guilty of partiality. Moreover, creation being preceded by destruction, Parames'vara who instantaneously destroys the whole, is also guilty of mercilessness. Therefore of what avail to Parames'vara is the act of creating the universe which brings on what is undesirable ?

(Siddhânta :)—As against the foregoing we hold as follows: All things considered, Parames'vara cannot be charged with partiality and mercilessness when He creates the universe, inasmuch as variety in the creation is determined by Karma. So the sruti says:

"Those of good conduct attain good birth, and those of evil conduct attain evil birth."

If you urge that no Karma exists because of the absence of differentiation, (we reply) no, because it is beginningless. It is quite consistent and found in experience (II, i. 35)

(*Objection* :)—Before creation there is no karma, because of the absence of kshetrajnas (jivas); and the absence of these is indicated by the state of non-differentiation, declared with a determinateness in the words, "Existent alone, my dear, this at first was."

(*Answer* :)—No; just as the Jivas are beginningless as declared in the sruti, "one knowing and the other unknowing are the two, the unborn, one strong, and the other weak," so also their Karmas are beginningless. Indeed, we do see that Samsara is the result of a continuous stream of Karma. Paramesvara, indeed, omnscient as He is, sees the various Karma of the jivas; and by means of Sakti He creates the seat of enjoyment, the body of a Deva or the like, just suited to their respective Karma. Thus, variety in creation is due to Karma. And the destruction of the universe cannot render Parmes'vara guilty of mercilessness, inasmuch as, like sleep it is a source of rest to those jivas who are oppressed with the mundane life.

(*Objection* :)—If Karma alone is to decide the happiness and misery of the jivas, of what avail is Parames'vara, a useless being ?

(*Answer* :)—Even Karma being subject to His control, it does not detract from His independence. Against this it should not be urged that, like a thief who wants to evade payment of toll arriving at dawn at the very toll station after wandering the whole night with a view to get beyond the city limits by an uucommon route, this contention again makes the Parames'vara guilty of partiality and mercilessness, inasmuch as Karma is not independent of Him. For, Parames'vara merely asssorts the infinite Karmic potentialities latent in Mâyâ. Karma being, thus, by its own power, the cause of variety in creation, there can be no partiality on the part of Him who merely assigns to each Jiva his respective Karma.

(*Objection* :)—The insentient Karma being unable to create the bodies of jivas when uncontrolled by the sentient, it should be admitted that Parames'vara who is a sentient being, is the sole efficient cause. How can it be that Parames'vara, so merciful, again unites the jivas with the body which is the cause of samsara, though they have been free from all pain of Samsara with all the organs of enjoyment destroyed ?

(*Answer*) : Without Karma becoming ripe no knowledge can arise in the jívas ; without knowledge, there can can be no Moksha, the unsurpassed bliss; and Karma cannot become ripe without enjoyment of fruits. With a view to the enjoyment of the fruits of Karma, the all-benign Parames'vara again creates the body etc, for the jîvas. When Karma thus becomes gradually ripe, He enables the pure-mined jivas to attain to a knowledge of Himself, and manifests to them the wealth of Moksha, the unsurpassed bliss.

A. Mahadeva Sastri.

(*To be continued.*)

THA'YUMA'NAVAR'S POEMS.

Tha'yuma'navar* was the second son of Ke'diliyappa Pillai, who lived more than 150 years ago and held the office of steward at the palace of Vijaya Ranga Chokka Na'yakar, the native chief who ruled Trichinopoly for 26 years from 1705 to 1731. He was greatly loved by his parents, as their first-born had been given in adoption to Ke'diliyappa's brother who was childless. Tha'yuma'navar grew up handsome, intelligent, and virtuous,but even at an early age discovered signs of a religious turn of mind which heeded little the attractions of the world. He had the good fortune, besides, to come early under the congenial influence of Mouna De'sika, a sage of exalted piety and profound wisdom. Years passed,years during which religion grew and stuck deep expansive root in the soul of Tha'yuma'navar. Then, Kediliyappa died; and Tha'yuma'navar was called to office as Palace-Steward in place of his father. Though he externally did all the duties of his position with punctilious care, his heart within was centred in the Lord; even as the rope-dancer, while seemingly busy with amusing the spectators by his pranks, is really intent on keeping his balance and preserving his safety. But the chief, finding casually signs of spiritual greatness in his servant, begged to be saved from the sin of having for servant one who was fit to be his master. Thereupon, Tha'yuma'navar relinquished office and began to devote all his time to prayer and meditation. But the chief's widow, now supreme in authority, conceived a violent affection for Tha'yuma'navar, drawn to him by his great personal charms, and tried to seduce him from the path of righteousness, offering to make him the virtual chief in her husband's stead, if only he yielded to her sinful desires. Tha'yuma'navar declined; and fearing unfair pressure might be brought to bear on him, left Trichinopoly secretly and went to Ramna'd where he spent the rest of his life. Thither his relations followed him, and anxious for the perpetuation of the family compelled him much against his will to marry. Of this wedlock one child was born; and in giving birth to it the mother died. Now that there was but little to bind him to home, Tha'yuma'navar gave up all, and went from one holy place to another, singing hymns in praise of Siva, elevating and drawing to himself and his God the hearts of all who saw or heard him, by the sweet serenity of his presence and the honeyed melody of his song. His life was one continuous incense of fragrance to the Lord; and is it strange that, to such as he, Death comes not, but only "a Clear Vision of his being's whole." ?

The subtle yet deep religious emotion that permeates Tha'yuma'navar's poems defies all description or translation. It steals into our hearts, keeps us spell-bound, often raises us into ecstasies of piety; we feel it, we are filled with it, but we cannot express it. Besides, the music, the "linke'd sweetness long drawn out," of Tha'yuma'navar's Tamil verse can hardly be reproduced in a comparatively unmusical language like English; and with my own feeble mastery of the resources of English, I cannot presume to extract even the fullest little of the music, which English is capable of yielding forth under the delicate touch of talented artists like Dr. Pope or P. A. But my ambition is not high; for the following translations of some of Tha'yuma'navar's devotional sonnets (taken almostat random) are intended merely to allow foreign readers a glimpse of the deep-lying wealth of the original, and show to them that, go prospecting where they may in the field of Tha'yuma'navar's poems, they may be sure to hit on veins of pure and lustrous gold.

இனியேதெமக்குனருள் வருமோவெனக்கருதி
    யேங்குதே நெஞ்சமையோ
இன்றைக்கிருந்தாரை நாளைக்கிருப்பரென்
    றெண்ணவோ திடமில்லையே
அனியாயமாயிந்த வுடலைநானென்றுவரு
    மந்தகற் காளாக்கவோ
ஆடித்திரிந்துநான் கற்றதுங்கேட்டது
    மவலமாய்ப் போதனன்றோ
கனியேனும்வறியசெங் காயேனுமுதிர்சருகு
    கந்தமூ லங்களேனும்
கனல்வாதைவந்தெய்தி னள்ளிப்புசித்துநான்
    கண்மூடி மௌனியாகித்
தனியேயிருப்பதற் கெண்ணினேனெண்ணமிது
    சாமிநீ யறியாததோ
சர்வபரிபூரண வகண்டதத்துவமான
    சச்சிதா னந்தசிவமே. (க)

Will yet to me Thy Grace be giv'n? So fears
My heart and pines. Alas! None bold can be
To hope who lives to-day will live to-morrow.
Should Death come vaunting "Here, I am,"

* The word literally means "He who is mother likewise." It is the name by which Siva, worshipped at Trichinopoly, is known.

"A thousand names we give in praise,
To Him that has nor form nor name."

"ஒருநாம மோருருவ மொன்றுமில்லார்க் காயிரந்
திருநாமம் பாடிநாந் தெள்ளேணங் கொட்டாமோ."

Have I to sadly yield this frame a slave?
Is't fair the lore, I wearying roamed and sought,
Studied and learnt, should fruitless thus become?*
When hunger's fire assails, fruit ripe, unripe,
Or leaves withered and sere, or yam or root,
To gather eat,—and Silent,† eyes fast closed
On world, alone with Thee I thought to be.
This wish of mine, O Lord, hast not thou known?
O Sivam, all in all, infinite, true,
That art Reality, Intelligence pure, and Bliss. (1)

அன்னையனே யெனுஞ் சிலசமயநின்னையே
ஐயாவை யாவெனனவே
அலறிடுஞ்சிலசமய மல்லாதுபேய்போல
வலறியே யொன்றுமிலவாய்ப்
பின்னேதுமறியாம லொன்றைவிட் டொன்றைப்
பிதற்றிடுஞ் சிலசமயமேல்
பேசரிய வொளியென்றும் வெளியென்றுநாதாதி
பிறவுமே நிலயமென்றும்
தன்னேரிலாதஹோ ரணுவென்றுமூவிதத்
தன்மையாங் காலமென்றும்
சாற்றிடுஞ்சிலசமய மிவையாகிவேறதாய்ச்
சதாஞான வாநந்தமாய்
என்னேயெனேகருணை விளையாட்டிருந்தவா
றெம்மனோர் புகலவெளிதோ
இகபரமிரண்டினிலு முயிரினுக்குயிராகி
யெங்குநிறை கின்றபொருளே. (௨)

"Mother, Mother," some creeds appeal to Thee;
"Father, Father," in variance some exclaim;
While some, devil-like jabber much, and fast
Losing all thought, and knowing nought, now one
And now another rave; some talk of Thee
As Light unspeakable; some as Space; and some
As being Sound and all; still some as most
Minute of Atoms; some as present, past,
And future Time. But, Lord, Thou art all these
And other than these‡ Thou art the lasting Bliss
Of Intelligence pure. Ah! can one like me
Describe the sportive ways of Thy Grace divine?
Thou, Life of life in this world and beyond,
And Substance true, pervading all in all. (2)

மத்தமதகரிமுகிற் குலமென்னநின்றிலகு
வாயிலுடன் மதியகடுதோய்
மாடகூடச்சிகர மொய்த்தசந்திரகாந்த
மணிமேடை யுச்சிமீது
முத்தமிழ்முழக்கமுடன் முத்தநகையார்களொடு
முத்துமுத் தாய்க்குலாவிக்
மோகத் திருந்துமென் யோகத்தி னிலைநின்று
மூச்சைப் பிடித்தடைத்துக்
கைத்தலநகப்படை விரித்தபுலிசிஙகமொடு
கரடி நுழை நுழைகொண்ட
கானமலையுச்சியிற் குகையூடிருந்துமென்
கரதலா மலகமென்னச்
சத்தமறமோகநிலை பெற்றவர்களுய்வர்காண்
சனகாதி துணிவிதன்றோ
சர்வபரி பூரண வகண்டதத்துவமான
சச்சிதா னந்தசிவமே. (௩)

If steeped in bliss of love, with women fair
Of pearly teeth, in dalliance soft to kiss
Returning kiss, mid triple Tamil's* peal,
We rest on terrace high, refulgent paved
With moonstone smooth, spires soaring high around
To touch the lunar orb, of mansion grand,
In whose court-yards, looming dark like clouds
In massive pack, elephants proudly stand
With lusty strength,—Or bent on Yoga, breath
Confining, all renounced, we live on hills,
In caves or wilds, where tigers, lions, and bears,
With claws well armed abound—what matters it?†
'Tis clear, as light of day,‡ those alone are saved
Who reach, all noises§ ceased, the Silent State.
Is not this what Janaka|| held of old?
O Sivam, all in all, infinite, true,
That art Reality, Intelligence pure, and Bliss.¶ (3)

* cf. Omar Khayyam:—
"We sojurn here for one short day or two,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe;
And then, leaving life's problems all unsolved
And harassed by regrets, we have to go;"

† i. e., with the soul calm and still

‡ cf. Tennyson:—
"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

* i. e., இயற்றமிழ், இசைத்தமிழ், நாடகத்தமிழ் (Tamil colloquial, Tamil poetic, and Tamil dramatic). The meaning is that, from their seat on the terrace, they could hear the sounds of discourses preached, songs sung, and plays acted, in the town around.

† cf. Marcus Aurelius:—
"Men seek retreats, houses in the country, sea-shores, and mountains; and thou too art wont to desire such things very much But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men; for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire, than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity."

‡ The original, "கரதலாமலகம்," means literally: "as *nelli* fruit on palm"

§ i. e., the delusive distractions of the senses and the mind

|| King Janaka lived a pure and highly spiritual life, though surrounded by the luxuries and the gorgeous splendour of an oriental court; and taught by his own example that such life was possible even in the midst of unfavourable circumstances.
cf. Emerson:—"The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude."

¶ The central idea of this sonnet is very tersely put in இருக்கனிற்றுப்படியார்:—
"வீட்டிலே சென்று வினையொழிந்து நின்றிடலென்
நாட்டிலே நல்வினைகள் செய்திடலென்—கூட்டில்வாள்
சாத்தியே நின்றிலையேற் றக்கனோர் வேள்விசெய்த
மாதிரமே யாங்கண்டாய் வந்து."

cf. Amiel:—"Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite."

A HYMN FROM DE'VARAM.

The beautiful hymn quoted below, to which I have added a translation in English verse, is from the Devaram (Garland of Praises for God) of Saint Thirunavukkarasu.* In this hymn, the saint records some facts of his own spiritual experience and exhorts all men to lead lives of piety and godliness in the world. No one can feel, more than I do, the feebleness and inadequacy of the translation; and I fear I have but vainly tried to reproduce in English the music of the original. Still, the translation is given, as a mere attempt, and not as a finished product worthy of the critic's scrutiny.

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்.

மாசில் வீணையு மாலை மதியமும்
வீசு தென்றலும் வீங்கிள வேனிலு
மூசு வண்டறை பொய்கையும் போன்றதே
யீச னெந்தை இணையடி நீழலே. (௧)

The faultless harp,† the evening moon‡
The fanning breeze the South bestows,§
The early summer's swelling time,||
The pond where bees do humming swarm,¶
—As soothing is the shelter sweet
Of God my father's holy feet. (1)

நமச் சிவாயவே ஞானமுங் கல்வியும்
நமச் சிவாயவே நானறி விச்சையும்
நமச் சிவாயவே நாநவின் றேத்துமே
நமச் சிவாயவே நன்னெறி காட்டுமே (௨)

Lord Siva's praise**—my wisdom, lore,
Lord Siva's praise—the art I know;
Lord Siva's praise—my tongue proclaims;
Lord Siva's praise—the right way shows. (2)

ஆளாகா ராளானாரை யடைந் துய்யார்
மீளா வாட்செய்து மெய்ம்மையு ணிற்கிலார்
தோளாத சுரையோ தொழும்பர் செவி
வாளா மாய்ந்து மண்ணாகிக் கழிவரே. (௩)

These men of world won't serve thee, Lord;
From those that serve, won't learn and live;
Engrossed in works that chain them down,
On truth's firm ground they will not stand;
Think they the men of God so deaf?*
They vainly live, and vainly die,
To dust dissolve, and pass away. (3)

நடலை வாழ்வு கொண்டென் செய்திர் நாணிலீர்
சுடலை சேர்வது சொற்பிரமாணமே
கடலி னஞ்சமு துண்டவர் கைவிட்டால்
உடலி னார்கிடந் தூர்முனி பண்டமே. (௪)

Unblushing men, what have you done?
You lead a life but wretched, base.
Mere tale† is it to grave you go?
If He that saves forsakes you all,
You earthlings grow the country's scorn. (4)

பூக்கைக் கொண்டரன் பொன்னடி போற்றிலார்
நாக்கைக் கொண்டர னாம நவிற்றிலார்
ஆக்கைக் கேயிரை தேடி யலமந்து
காக்கைக் கேயிரை யாகிக் கழிவரே. (௫)

With blooms in hand, they worship not
The holy feet of Hara Lord;
With willing tongue praise not His name;
Confounded, wearied,‡ seeking stuff
To feed the flesh, they perish, fall.
Their body feeds the clam'rous crows. (5)

குறிகளு மடையாளமுங் கோயிலும்
நெறிகளு மவர் நின்றதோர் நேர்மையும்
அறிய வாயிர மாரண மோதிலும்
பொறியி லீர்மன மென்கொல் புகாததே. (௬)

Though signs and symbols, temples fair,
And creeds and thousand scriptures speak
To teach His ways that you may learn,
O stupid men, why, why is it
Your minds to Him do scarce incline? (6)

வாழ்த்த வாயும் நினைக்க மடநெஞ்சுந்
தாழ்த்தச் சென்னியுந் தந்த தலைவனைச்
சூழ்த்த மாமலர் தூவித் துதியாதே
வீழ்த்தவா வினையே னெடுங்காலமே (௭)

The Lord that gave us mouth to praise,
A head to bow, and mind to think,—
To Him not praying, at His feet
Not laying flowers, lovely, sweet,
Why wasted I long years of life?§ (7)

* This is the honorific title, said to have been given to the saint, on account of the exceeding beauty of his verse, and means literally "Lord of speech."

† The word in the original is Vinai (வீணை), an Indian musical instrument for which there is no English name, so far as I know.

‡ The moon that appears in the evening is a full or nearly full moon.

§ The Zephyr of South Indian Poetry.

|| i. e. the season of Spring, when Nature bursts forth in her splendour.

¶ Expanded, the meaning is:—

"The flow'ry pond where swarm the bees
With humming tune on honey's quest."

** The word in the original is "நமச்சிவாய"—the holy word of prayer to Siva.

* The meaning is that the Lord's servants are not deaf, that they will listen and help ungrudgingly if only men appealed to them.

† i. e. it is a fact.

‡ cf. Wordsworth:—

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

§ cf. பிரபுலிங்கலீலை.—

"பீடுறு மானிடப் பிறப்பு வாய்த்தநல்
லேடவிழ் மலரினா லிறையைப் பூசியார்
பாடமை நாளெல்லாம் பாழ்க் கிரைப்பவர்."

எழுது பாவைநல் லார்திறம் விட்டுநான்
றொழுது போகநின் றேனையுஞ் சூழ்ந்துகொண்
டுழுத சால்வழி யேயுழு வான்பொருட்
டுழுதை நெஞ்சமி தென்படு கின்றதே. (அ)

Plough runs in ease where plough has run.
As just I stand prepared to scape
The charm of women like picture fair,
My dullard mind, by habit bound,
To lure me tries to ways of old. (8)

நெக்கு நெக்கு நினைபவர் நெஞ்சுளே
புக்கு நிற்கும் பொன்னார் சடைப்புண்ணியன்
பொக்க மிக்கவர் பூவுநீருங் கொண்டு
நக்கு நிற்ப ரவர்தமை நாணியே. (௯)

The Lord abides in hearts of men
That think of Him and love and pine.
He smiles at water, flowers, shed
In worship by the false within;
Ashamed for them He smiling stands. (9)

விறகிற் றீயினன் பாலிற்படு நெய்போன்
மறைய நின்றுளன் மாமணிச் சோதியான்
உறவு கோனட் டுணர்வு கயிற்றினன்
முறுக வாங்கிக் கடைய முன்னிற்குமே. (௧௦)

As fire in wood, as ghee in milk,
The Lum'nous one lies hid within.
First fix the churning-stick of Love,
Pass round the cord, Intelligence,
Then twirl*,—and God will bless thy sight. (10)

N. B.

KUNDALAKE'SI AND VALAIYA'PATHI.

Of the five great Tamil poems (*Pancha Kavya*), Chintamani, Silappadikaram, and Manimegalai have been made accessible in print through the zealous devotion, patient research, and ripe scholarship of Pandit Swaminatha Iyar of Kumbakonam. But the remaining two, Kundalakesi and Valaiyapathi (குண்டலகேசி, வளையாபதி), are mere names to us; and almost nothing is known of them except the fact of their existence in the hoary past. Hence I hope the following sketch of the stories of Kundalakesi and Valaiyapathi will be interesting to students of Tamil literature. This sketch has been translated from chapters 34 and 35 of a Tamil poetical work, named Vaisyapuranam (வைசிய புராணம்), by Chudamani (சூடாமணிப்புலவர்) of date unknown, which was published in print nearly thirty years ago with a prose-paraphrase by Komalapuram Rajagopala Pillai. Chapters 31, 32, and 33 of the work deal respectively with the stories of Jivakachintamani, Silappadikaram, and Manimegalai; and the stories given in the next two chapters are explicitly stated by the poet to be the stories of Kundalakesi and Valaiyapathi. For in (stanza 1 of Chap. 35,) the poet says:—"we have thus given the story of the great poem Kundalakesi" ("நேரார்குண்டல கேசிப்பேர் நெடுநூலின் சீருரைத்தாம்)"; and in stanza 49, of the same chapter, :—"The poem which narrates this story is one of the five great Tamil poems" (அருமையான வைங்காவியந்தன்னிலே, உரியவிக் கதைக்காவிய மொன்றரோ).

The Story of Kundalakesi.

Chola, king of kings, and Kaveri, descended of the great Vakkuvan, were friends so dear that they could never brook separation; and no friendship was on earth to equal theirs. These had learnt almost to perfection the 64 arts and sciences, highly spoken of in the world. In the neighbouring country, however, was King Pandiya, who had also drunk deep of all knowledge both worldly and spiritual, and considered himself without an equal. Setting great value on his skill in the game of ball, he had it inscribed in a conspicuous place on his royal banner of victory that he was unrivalled in it, and challenged open opposition from all who dared to do so. Akalanga Chola, likewise proud of his power and skill in war, arrayed his great army and issued a general command to them to proceed against and defeat any ruler who had the audacity to dispute his claim to sovereignty and pre-eminence.

King Pandiya came to hear of this and calling his hearld ordered him to go at once to King Chola and deliver the following message:—"O Chola, you and I are doubtless great. There is none to equal either of us. Only we two can worthily oppose each other. Why then should we not compete and prove who, of us two, is the greater? Lay aside ordinary tests of merit, war or learning or anything else, for they are of hardly any importance; and vie with me in the noble game of ball. If you accept this challenge, well and good. If not, you are no worthy king." King Chola heard this message with rising anger, and, instantly calling his ministers, told them to make all haste and prepare everything for his journey to Madura, for he must go there without loss of time and quell the pride of the impudent Pandiya. Among the courtiers who were then present

* Refers both to drilling out fire, and churning out butter. Note how light, fire and ghee are allied to one another.

was Kave'ri, the Vaisya of pure lineage, who in charity and munificence was not surpassed even by the Kalpa tree or Karna. He rose up, and making obeisance said :—" O Chola, great lord, it is not meet that one king should go into the country or the capital of another. If so be your pleasure, I, your servant will forthwith proceed to Madura, and return hither, before you expect, with the glad news of the defeat of king Pandiya in his own game of ball."

The ministers hailed this proposal and besought the king to send Kaveri in his stead, as they said the victory won by a subject would belong virtually to the sovereign. The king reluctantly yielded; and Kaveri accordingly set out for Madura with a numerous and powerful army for his body-guard. When he reached the Pandiyan capital, the king received him with the honours due to a royal messenger, and after a decent interval asked him to explain the object of his visit. Whereupon, Kaveri told the Pandiya that he was sent by king Chola to contest with him in the game of ball and that he went there for no other purpose. King Pandiya objected that a Vaisya, one of the merchant-class, was no worthy antagonist for a warrior-king; but Kaveri remonstrated that as he, the king, had made an open and unconditional challenge in the inscription on his banner, it was only proper that, whoever came to oppose him, him the king should meet and vanquish. Pandiya then appointed a day for the tournament; umpires were chosen; and each staked immense wealth and a large army as the victor's prize.

The day came round, and the contest began. King Pandiya and Kaveri, riding horses of high mettle passed and repassed hitting at the ball. In all acts of the game, the combatants were equal, and it was hard to adjudge victory for one or the other. Time passed, but the contest did not seem as if it would be over soon. Then Pandiya, somewhat impatient, thought to end this tedious struggle with one final game requiring the greatest quickness and skill, in which he excelled and felt sure of beating Kaveri—viz., that of throwing a ball across a square tank of water, riding round and hitting the ball before it strikes the ground. But, in this too, Kaveri out-rode Pandiya, and with marvellous agility, hit the ball back before Pandiya could. Thus the victory was won by Kaveri; so the umpires with one voice decided; and proud Pandiya had to acknowledge himself beaten and give the successful Kaveri the wealth and army he had staked. Anxious to lay the glory of this great victory at king Chola's feet, Kaveri left Madura, taking with him his new acquisitions, and on his way home to the Chola capital halted at a city to break the journey.

Meanwhile, Kollathayan, the general of King Pandiya's forces, who had been away waging war with the Chera king, now returned to Madura; and finding his master sad over his recent discomfiture, fell prostrate at his feet and begged permission to pursue Kaveri and win back from him the wealth and the army, the honour and the glory that had been lost, by engaging him in battle and defeating him. Pandiya's assent was given; Kollathayan, with his army, overtook Kaveri, and the battle came off. It lasted many days and raged very fiercely. At last the armies closed; the Pandiyan army was beaten; Kaveri met the Pandiyan general in single combat and with one blow struck off his head; and thus once again victory came to Kaveri.

Kaveri then resumed his journey, carrying with him Kollathayan's head as a trophy of victory which of right belonged to his master, King Chola. But Kollathayan's wife, Arambaiyarathibai (அரம்பையரதிபை), hearing of the sad fate of her husband, followed and begged Kaveri to give her the head of him she dearly loved. Kave'ri, though sympathising with her in her grief, replied that he could not please her then as the head was his master's property, but that, if she went with him to the Chola capital, he would himself entreat the king and get her the head. So she did, and Kave'ri, true to his word, begged it from the Chola King and gave her the head.

The Story of Valaiya'pathi.

In Ka've'rippu'mpattinam there lived a merchant, named Vairava'niban, far famed for his goodness, piety and charity, and known in the town and the country around as Navako'ti Nara'yana (" Lord of nine crores") on account of his immense wealth. He took to wife a woman from his own caste (வாணியர், the oil-pressing caste), and also another from a differnt caste, and lived with them both happy and prosperous. But the elders of the community to which he belonged, disliking the relation he had with a caste other than his own, threatened to excommunicate him if he did not give up that alien wife of his. He acccordingly cast her off, in order to retain his position in society and the

esteem of his relations and friends. Sometime after this, it happened that he had to take ship on the western sea and cross over to foreign countries on business connected with his merchandise.

Meanwhile the young woman, who was with child at the time of her desertion by her husband, went to the temple of the goddess Kali at an adjoining Village, and prostrating addressed the deity :—" O Mighty Goddess, Victorious one, Pure Immortal, Spotless Being. Hear me, and pity my poor, helpless condition, and grant unto me thy boon that my husband may take me to his bosom again." Before her who thus appealed for help with stricken heart and streaming eyes, the merciful goddess appeared and said :—" O Beautiful one, be consoled. Grieve not. Come and live in this village. In course of time all will end well, and I shall make you happy." So the woman did ; and after some months was born a fair little boy, a delight to the heart and eyes of his mother and a promise of greatness and glory to his family and village. Years passed. The tiny infant grew into a strapping, handsome, intelligent lad.

Then, once on a day when at a game of ball with his companions, a quarrel took place between this lad and another, in course of which the enraged opponent called him—"Thou son of an anonymous father." Stung to the quick with this taunt, the young fellow ran to his mother, and explaining to her what had passed asked her to tell him his father's name. With tears in her eyes, she told him that his father was Vairavaniban, a merchant of Kaverippum-pattinam, and also made known to him the circumstances which led to his separation. Hearing this, the brave lad, bursting with indignation at the cruel treatment accorded to his mother, hastened to the town whither Vairavâniban had already returned, and seeing the merchant, unceremoniously introduced himself as his son born of his discarded wife. But Vairavaniban, who when leaving her had not suspected her approaching maternity, now naturally thought this boy might be the fruit of her later unchastity ; and asked the youth to go his way and not trouble a peaceful merchant with his impudent talk. The lad, however, persisted in advancing his claims to filial relationship ; and the merchant thereupon appealed for help to the Council of Caste-Elders. The youth offered to prove the legitimacy of his birth by adducing unanswerable witness. The council appointed a day for enquiry.

The boy went home and told all to his mother ; she went and prayed to Kali ; and Kali promised that she, the goddess, would herself bear witness. On the day fixed, the council of elders met. The boy, his mother and Vairav'aniban, the father in dispute, were there. The lady was asked to call her witness and prove her chastity and fidelity to her husband, Vairav'aniban. She invoked Káli; and the benignant goddess appeared before them all, and declared that the woman's chastity was unquestionable and that the boy was the merchant Vairav'aniban's own son. All were now convinced. The merchant received the joyful lad as his son ; and gave him, as the share of property to which he was entitled, a village named 'Alagapuri,' and a large sum of money and a weighing balance, with which, with his father's blessings, he may start business as a merchant.

N. B.

ART. VIII.—*Extracts from the Tamil " Purra-porul Venba-Malai," and the " Purra-nannuru."* By the Rev. G. U. POPE, M.A., D.D.

THE *Purra-porul Venba-Malai* is a very ancient work, professing to be founded upon a still older composition called " The Twelve Chapters," by one of the twelve disciples of *Agastiyar.*[1] This points to a mythic origin, but we cannot historically go further than its Tamil author, or compiler, as he would represent himself. It is quite essential for a Tamil writer who would become a classic to cite his original, or the authoritative first work from which he draws (or professes to draw) his materials. (See *Nannûl*, 4-10, and Pope's *3rd Grammar*, p. 142.) Where there is no such first work (முதனூல், Muthanûl), he or his commentators must suppose or invent one, and ascribe it to some venerable personage. The real author here is AIYANA'RITHAN, of whom nothing is known but that he is said to have been a descendant of the old Ce'ra kings, and the compiler of this very interesting composition. It can hardly be less than ten centuries old. It has recently been for the first time printed under the editorship of Ve'. Saminathaiyar of Uttamatâna-puram, the very learned and worthy Tamil Head-Pandit of the Kumbakonam College; and has probably never been seen by any European till now, though the late Sir Walter Elliot (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) obtained and caused to be translated some fragments of it. These were edited for private circulation by R. Sewell, Esq., M.C.S. Some were also printed in the Asiatic Quarterly.

1 In the commentary on the *Tol-Kappyam* by Nacchinârkkiniyar, Porul-athi, ix, 94 (Ci. Vai Tamotharam Pillai's edition, p. 807, Madras. 1885) reference is made to this statement.

Málai means 'garland.' *Venba* (see Pope's *Kurral*, Int. xxv, and *Naladi*, Int. xxvi) is the name of the metre—very artistic quatrains like those in the *Naladiyar*.

Porul is a subdivision both of grammar and of treatises in general, and signifies 'substance, reality, subject.' This *Porul* is divided in the most ancient grammar, the *Tol-kappyam*, into Agam ('inner') and Purram ('outer'). Of these, *Agam* ('the *subjective*,' treats of love, its various emotions, incidents and accidents. *Purram* ('the *objective*') relates to all 'other things'—life in general, and especially war, and the affairs of kingdoms. This work, though professing to treat of practical subjects in general (*Purram*), has portions, as will be seen, which belong to the other division (*Agam*)—emotional and passionate. The ideas and even the phraseology of these verses are cited and used by all commentators upon the other classics, as being of absolute authority.

It is divided into twelve chapters (Padalam: Skr. पटल), or as they are generally termed, *Tinai* (திணை)[1], containing 360 quatrains.

It seems probable that the work itself is more ancient than the Kurral, and suggested many of its couplets. It is closely allied in subject and in tone to the *Purranannurru* (P. N. N.), with which and the Tol-kappyam it must be studied, though it is more recent than the *text* of these works.

It will be necessary to give some account of the Purra-Nannurru, or 'Four Hundred Lyrics of Life.' This anthology has been lately printed for the first time, though it has been in existence for upwards of a thousand years, and contains ballads which in substance must have been sung in the early centuries of our era. We owe it also to Saminath-Aiyyar, the learned and indefatigable Professor of Tamil in the Kombakonam Government College, that it is now carefully edited and put forth with all necessary apparatus in such a way that it may find an entrance into the house of every Tamil scholar. This is the fifth large work isseued by the same editor. The industry and learning which have been employed in the editing of these books would have gained for Saminath-Aiyyar a very high place among scholars in Europe, if the subject had been one which the scholars of the West were disposed to value. But, although the very ancient, copious, and refined Tamil language is inferior to none, it is regarded by most people as the (probably barbarous) vernacular of a people living somewhere in a remote district of Great Britain's imperial possessions. Neither does our Indian Government nor do our Universities fully recognize the value of Tamil literature; and so those who spend their lives in the study of the great South Indian classics must resemble men seeking for pearls under water. Our editor's compatriots, however, will not be slow to recognize the benefit that his studies are conferring upon his people. Nor is it too much to hope that his labours may be so far recognized as to procure for him such pecuniary assistance as may save him from absolute loss. Tamil scholarship is a direct road to poverty!

To return from this digression. This work consists of 400 Lyrics, varying in length from six lines to fifty, being for the most part songs sung by Court minstrels and wandering bards in honour of the kings of the South, including not only the Pandiyan, the Coran, and the Ceran kings, but about 120 of the petty Rajas and chieftains who then divided the South, and were more or less independent, having their fortresses on every hill and coign of vantage throughout the Southern land. Of these ancient rulers and heroes scarcely anything is known but what these, and a few similar works, enable us to conjecture. Their names have not yet been found or recognized in inscriptions or coins, and it is very doubtful whether we shall ever be able to recover many authentic details of their history. Still, the glimpses of ancient manners, thought, and conditions of life afforded by these poems are exceedingly interesting. The ancient bards, about 150 in number, fragments of whose songs have thus been rescued, were of very unequal powers; but some of them display, if I am not mistaken, very great poetical genius, and some of the fragments are veritable gems.

It is worthy of note, also, that of these poems, except the introductory invocation (which is of much later date, by Perum Devanar,[1] the translator of the Maha-Baratham), none make any decided allusion to Civa worship. Demons are constantly referred to and various charms and ceremonies for driving them away from the battle-field, where it was their delight to hold their 'eery' festivals, are mentioned. Throughout all the petty kingdoms of the Tamil lands there seems to have been a system of demon-worship much like what now prevails in the extreme south.

Feasts and dances in honour of Murugan (from T. '*murugu*,' a fragrant wood: *Agallochum*) are often alluded to. He was evidently the tutelary god of the aborigines of the South, and is now promoted to be the younger son of Civa.

I shall reserve a more minute account of these poems, their heroes and their bards, for another occasion, and return at once to the *Purra-porul Venba-Malai*.

1 *Tinai*. This much used Tamil word-of-all-work really signifies 'genus,' an is applied to the main divisions of any subject. These are divided into sections (*turrai*=துறை). This latter is equal to 'species,' and is used for the subdivisions of a subject. Here, each chapter is preceded by a small summary; and every quatrain has a curious little couplet giving the pith of the quatrain. This couplet is called *Kolu* (='substance, contents': from கொள்).

1 He seems to have edited a series of works for the Madura literati.

PADALAM I.

Vedchi, OR THE CATTLE-RAIDERS.

The first *tinai* is called *Vedchi*, and the following seven divisions have titles of a similar import. They are taken from the garlands worn by warriors in the contests in which the tribes of South India in those times seem to have been incessantly engaged. The Tamil rhetoricians enumerate eight species of distinctive garlands worn by kings and warriors when going forth on various expeditions, the garland being supposed to indicate the character of the undertakings, and the feelings of those engaged in them.

This is to us a novel form of the 'language of flowers.'

The *Vedchi* (வெட்சி) is the *Ixora coccinia*, which is commonly called 'Flame of the Forest,' or sometimes 'the country geranium.' It bears a profusion of flowers, sometimes of quite dazzling brightness, and of a deep scarlet hue. These garlands were intended to strike terror into the eyes of the opposing hosts, and to some extent supplied the place of military uniform. The armies of Europe have never been unmindful of the moral effect of the soldier's headdress; though it would be a novel experience if our troops went forth to war like a marching garden of flaming and fragrant flowers! The warriors who wore the *vedchi* were cattle-raiders. It would seem that this constituted no small part of the duty—and duty was delight—of the ancient South Indian soldier.

This *Padalam*, or chapter, contains twenty verses, and illustrates with exceeding clearness several phases of the thoughts and habits of the people in those 'good old times'! A translation is given of the more important verses, and a summary of the remainder.

§ 1. *The King's Call to the Cattle-raid.*

VERSE 1. THE KING SUMMONING HIS PEOPLE.

"Youthful warrior, who bearest the wondrous three-pronged dart, go forth, seize and bring home the herds of cattle with the bulls their leaders! See your foes bending their bows, as though they would cut down whole forests and set them on fire, and inspecting their arrows as they fit them to the string. Put their ranks to flight!"

§ 2. *The Toddy-booth.*

This introduces the idea, which is always coming to the front in these poems, of the 'toddy-jar.' [§ 15.] The raid begins and ends with the *canteen.*

VERSE 2.

"Forget not, O thou with the loving large eyes, the clear sweet boiled palm-juice in the standing jar of toddy, never empty. The warrior on whose feet are the heroes' anklets, who is fierce of eye, endures not debt. To-morrow's morn shall see the foeman's herds thronging thy wide-extended gates."

It would seem that these champions cleared off their scores with the nymph of the palm-wine jar by means of the plunder they brought home. [§ 16.]

All classes except Brahmans, even the ladies, are represented as indulging freely in the use of toddy. The same thing is illustrated in the Kambar-Ramayanam, where the whole Court—king, queens, princes, counsellors, and warriors—are represented as indulging in a most unedifying debauch of many days' duration. [Bala-Khandam xviii: 'The Canto of the Festivities.']

§ 3. *Eager for the fray.*

VERSE 3.

"The raven's hoarse cry arises in the jungles of our foes who own the beauteous herd—omen of ill to them; while beating their drums our warriors armed with long spears put on the *vedchi* flower and go forth upon the well-nigh impervious paths, where the raven croaks."[1]

EVIDENCES OF NATURAL RELIGION.

ON CREATION.

II.

(*Continued from page 139.*)

The question proposed.

In our first lecture on Creation we examined whether the Universe always existed as it is now; that is, whether it is uncreated and eternal not only as to the matter out of which it might have been made, but also as to the form or shape which it now bears; and we came to the conclusion that the world in its present form cannot be uncreated and eternal, whether retrospectively or progressively. Now we shall proceed to demonstrate that neither was the world made out of an unformed and pre-existing matter, eternal, uncreated, self-existent, as, Plato and the followers of the Sankhya system of Philosophy taught.

The chaos theory, ancient and universal.

Yet this was the general belief of mankind before the Christian Era. Philosophers as well as uneducated people believed that the world did not exist for ever in the form in which we now see it, but that there was a time, when it either did not exist at all, or existed only as Pradhana, or as a mass of elementary matter without form, void, and empty, out of which in progress of time all things were formed by the creative power of God. This elementary matter or

[1] Cf. P.N.N., 280.

chaos corresponds in a striking manner to the nebulous masses of modern astronomy, and it was beautifully described by Milton in the second book of "Paradise Lost" as follows:—

> " .... a dark
> Illimitable ocean, without bound,
> Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height
> And time and place are lost, where eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
> Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
> Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
> For, hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions fierce,
> Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
> Their embryon atoms ....
> .... Into this world abyss,
> The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grove,
> Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
> But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
> Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
> Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain,
> His dark materials to create more worlds—"

There was then a time, when nothing of all that we see around us existed. There existed no heaven, no earth, no sun, no mountains, no river, no sea, no animals, no men, nothing whatever. The history of all peoples, the cosmogony of all nations, the myths of all religions, the primitive traditions of mankind in general, go to prove that the creation of heaven and earth, or their formation out of a pre-existing chaotic matter, is taken for granted or presupposed by all philosophical systems that ever arose about the nature and origin of the Universe. (Cfr. Encyclopaedia Britannica XVII. p. 156).

Matter not self-existent.

Now, is really Chaos or Pradhana, that is, the primeval and plastic matter of the Universe, uncreted, self-existent, without any cause of its existence, and eternal? Among the Greek Philosophers Plato assumed three principles as necessary to explain the origin and present existence of the world. Matter, the underlying basis of the physical world, God or the efficient cause, and ideas, the models or prototypes of things. Matter, so Plato argues, existed, and exists eternally, side by side with God. It was not created by him, and being absolutely devoid of quality and possessing no proper reality, was at first in disorder and assumed a variety of changing irrational shapes, until God, who is absolutely good and without envy, came forth as a world-builder and fixing his gaze upon his eternal unchangeable prototypes or ideas, after this model transformed this wild, fluctuating, chaotic mass into a well-ordered world. (cfr. Ueberweg. History of Philosophy V. I. p. 113.—Dr. A. Hockle, Hand book of the History of Philosophy p. 84.)

In like manner we read in the Vishnupuranam, Book I., Section II. "Day was not, nor night, nor sky, nor earth; and there was neither darkness nor yet light. And there existed then Pradhana, Brahma and the Purusha incapable of being apprehended by ear and the other organs or the intellect." Now in the sankhya system of philosophy which is chiefly followed here, Pradhana means the unformed Nature, as the material cause of the world, the root or plastic origin of all, and it is assumed to be self-existent, eternal, productive, but not produced.

Matter, not God.

But it is not so. Matter cannot be self-existent, uncreated, and eternal, in the sense that not only it had no beginning at all, but moreover it owed its existence to none. For, if it were so, matter itself would be the only true God' because self-existence is the absolute characteristic of almighty God. As the characteristic of light is to shine, the characteristic of heat to warm, that of food to nourish, so God's characteristic is to be. Self-existence in His nature, His essence, His character, the root of all his other attributes and perfections. Indeed, God exists really, and creatures also exist really; God is, and the creature also is. Yet the divine being and the created being differ infinitely from one another, in that the former is independent, the latter dependent; the former is uncaused, the latter caused; the former has all things of itself, and the latter has absolutely nothing of itself: but is itself produced out of nothing according to a pre-conceived idea derived from the Divine essence. This infinite difference is indicated by saying that God not only is but is of himself in virtue of His own essence, in a word, He is self-existent. Therefore unless we feel strong enough to swallow the absurdity of a God-matter, we must come to the conclusion that matter is not self-existent or uncreated, but is itself an effect produced out of nothing by God.

If matter self-existent, independent of God.

Moreover, if matter existed and exists eternally side by side with God, uncreated, self-existent, as Plato argues, it is clear that in its being matter is independent of God. But if matter is not indebted to God for its existence and being, why should it depend on God for its forma-

tion, manipulation and shaping into the countless creatures that consitute this visible Universe? Self-existence implies power, nay, infinite activity, because power, activity and action spring from being as from their root, and follow closely the nature of being. Therefore if matter could exist by itself, no one can tell why mankind should have attributed the formation of heaven and earth to an agent external to matter itself, namely, to God.

Atheists can meet these arguments in two ways only. First by asserting that matter is self-created or born of itself; secondly, by saying that matter, being self-existent and uncreated, is wholly independent of God with the necessary consequence that the world evolved out of matter in virtue of a spontaneous evolution, which is intrinsic to matter itself, so that the chaotic or primary matter by endless and spontaneous evolutions turned into the existing world.

Matter not self-created.

Of these two hypothesis the first is evidently absurd, as it implies the most glaring contradiction, namely entity and non-entity at the same time. Entity, because the first condition of every agent is that at least, it be existing itself before it can act. Non-entity, because that which is to be called into existence is presupposed not to be already existing. Therefore matter cannot be self-existent or born of itself, but is indebted to some external cause or agent for its existence.

Matter not self-developing.

Neither is the second hypothesis tenable on scientific grounds. For let us suppose by the hypothesis that everything has been spontaneously developed from matter. But matter in itself is inert; of itself it remains quiescent until set in motion by some external impetus. This truth needs not be demonstrated as it is the foundation of mechanics. Therefore if matter in itself is inert and has no motion, how could the world have been developed spontaneously from it? Whence that motion in matter? Whence that impetus, without which any change in matter is inconceivable? "The first being," says St. Thomas, "must be in act and in no kind of potentiality." But primary matter, according to all Philosophers, was absolutely inert, and devoid of all qualities, capable of being determined by an external agent, but in no way determined in itself.

Matter in itself inert.

Some answer with Buchner that "eternal matter is necessarily endowed with perpetual motion; and therefore the movement of matter is eternal as itself." (Buchner, Kraft and staff pag 55.) But this assumption is purely gratuitous, and no argument was ever brought to prove it. For, movement is an effect, and every effect implies a cause, and matter itself cannot be the cause of its own motion, because matter, in itself is inert and dead. Moreover, modern science, as it was shown in the first lecture, proves beyond any reasonable doubt that eternal movement is impossible and absurd, and that "consequently there was a beginning of the universe, and that for it no force whatever whereof science takes cognizance can account." (Rev. John Gerard, S. J., Modern Science and Ancient Faith).

To sum up: the world neither evolved itself, nor was it evolved by God from a primeval, chaotic matter, which existed eternally side by side with God, uncreated, self-existent, eternal, because if so, matter itself would be God, which would involve glaring contradictions.

G. Bartoli, s. j.

THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

When some hare-brained "press-men" and noisome "clique-critics" took it into their heads to doubt in the few months following Tennyson's death whether British poetry which survived the death of Chaucer would ever recover from the loss of such an ingenious master of rime-craft, the contribution* of Edmund Gosse to the pages of "The New Review" sufficed to check somewhat the alarming mania for Tennyson's verse. What with the even-toned estimate of Tennyson, and what also with the brave defence with which it sought to blow aside the vindictive tirades of a few "review-men", Mr. Gosse's article exercised a very wholesome influence in restoring balance of judgment to the literary world.

After speaking about the relation of Tennyson to the past poets and his station in the history of English Poetry, Mr. Gosse ventures to tell us "that a generation that can boast of Mr. Swinburne and Miss Christina Rossetti, of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Coventry Patmore, of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Robert

* *Tennyson* by Edmund Gosse, *New Review* November 1898

Bridges, has no reason to complain of lack of fire or elevation, grace or versatility." This was spoken when the article considered the out-look of English Poetry in the year 1892. Since then the rapid multiplication of the quantity of poetry and the appearance of new men as poets of name have proved that Mr. Gosse's statement is true in more ways than one. Mr. William Watson for the excellent quality of verse and the sonorous grace of diction has become the hobby of many. Mr. Gosse himself, though decidedly an excellent artificer at word-jewelling, has been steadily improving in versification both in matter and manner. Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave" and Edmund Gosse's "Russet and Silver" are perhaps the best specimens of recent new-blown buds of song. Startlingly enough a fresher individual has made his *debut* with a delightfully printed green-covered volume of poems,* and his poetry has all the purity and subdued fragrance of Matthew Arnold with the somewhat dismal dignity of Wordsworth. The book must be the sensation of the year, since Mr. Stephen Phillips is one who might evidently be able to extort a recognition even from a grudging public. He is fond of allegories and many of the poems that appear in the present collection have a silent under-current of a most beautiful modern optimism.

"The Woman with the Dead Soul" is gracefully misty though it is possible here and there to see what the poet strives to say. It deals with the purpose and nature of death in large and liberal contemplation, and manages to be sermon-like and moral-breathing, without being sickeningly didactic. It seems to have an almost physical effect on the reader when such lines as

" On to the mirror silently she goes
Lightly a loose tress touches at her ear;
She gazes in her own eyes without fear;
Deliberately then with fingers light
She smoothed her dress, and stole into the night."

strike our ear. The blood-curdling effect is spared only by the discerning setting of ideas and the studied art of cloudy yet suggestive expression. The appalling disgust with which the reader retires from Marie Corelli's minute and undisguised description of the slow expiry of a woman's lust-cankered frame under the action of a self-administered deadly narcotic, flashes on his mind by way of remote association when he reads about Phillip's symbol of the London Woman. The association is useful to teach him the deftness with which the poet manages what the lady novelist in her wild hysterical aberrations makes intensely horrid.

The next piece is "Marpessa" and a refreshing change indeed from the grim sulkiness of "the woman with the dead soul." The theme is classical being taken from a Greek legend while the manner is Miltonic, we could even say almost Dantesque, with the quaint grace and balm of Keats, and the scenes and thoughts are throughly modern. The story is simple and best told in the author's own words " Marpessa, being given by Zeus her choice between the god Apollo and Idas, a mortal, chose Idas." The poem is a model of artistic perfection and the deep and even note of its lines is a mark of the master-hand that worked at them. The graceful and melodious verse, flawless in construction, dignified in form, does show everywhere signs of heart-felt conviction and grand stress. It has none " of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." What capacity for original observation and what facility in weaving gosammer-webs of delicate-tinted fancy could be expected of a genuine poet are seen in

" When the long day that glideth without cloud,
The summerday, was at her deep blue hour
Of lilies musical with busy bliss,
When very light trembled as with excess,
And heat was frail, and every bush and flower
Was drooping in the glory overcome."

Marpessa, the rosy-cheeked maiden, of auburn hair and of hazel eyes, the very cynosure of greek gods and heroes stood between her suitors Apollo and Idas,

" Just as a flower after drenching rain
So from the falling of felicity
Her human beauty glowed, and it was new."

The almost angelic form of the girl is finely reflected in Apollo's speech to her

" Yet when I saw thee, I imagined woe
That thou who art so fair, shouldst ever taste
Of the earth-sorrow : for thy life has been
The history of a flower in the air,
Liable but to breezes and to time,
As rich and purposeless as is the rose :
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful."

How much more is suggested than what myriads of lines would fail to hit off with half as much richness or fineness, about the radiant loveliness of that heavenly maid. Apollo in his passion for the mortal girl begins to philosophise :—

"What is the love of men that women seek it?
In its beginning pale with cruelty,

* Poems by Stephen Phillips. John Lane The Bodley Head, London and New York 1898.

But having sipped of beauty, negligent
And full of langour and distaste :—"

And the poet's wrapt-adoration before the sublime in external nature is well seen in Apollo's words of encouraging exhortation tempting Marpessa to marry him and picturing to her her future glory and comfort if only she should do so :

" —Continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm.
Or since thou art a woman, thou shalt have
More tender tasks; to steal upon the sea
A long-expected bliss to tossing men.
Or build upon the evening sky some wished
And glorious metropolis of cloud ;
Thou shalt persuade the harvest and bring on
The deeper green ; or silently attend
The fiery funeral of foliage old
Connive with Time serene and the good hours."

The rich bloom and frail and delicate form of Marpessa is exquisitely acknowledged by Idas when he says

" I love thee then
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life."

Not for all these does Idas love her; He strikes a higher and spiritual note than Apollo and his passion for her has not even the remotest shade of animal love, but it is the same that inspires a poet to sing of the surging sea and a sensitient average mortal to look with awe on the lurid splendour of the setting sun. To Idas her infinite physical charm has the supreme use of a divine reminder, and he sees in her angelic expression and superb loveliness the Manifestation of the infinite " Idea " as he says

" Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart."

Idas goes on to remember in the fascinating form of Marpessa what Kant and Schopenhauer might have gladly felt and believed :—

" Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where,
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee,
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars'.

The poet's dignity of diction and appositeness of epithets are excellently seen when Marpessa is saying to Apollo

" —All Asia at my feet spread out
In indolent magnificence of bloom !
Africa, in her matted hair obscured,
And India in meditation plunged !"

Her Heaven-protected security Marpessa avows in

" —All my days
Like perfect lilies under water stir,
And God has shelterd me from his own wind ;
The darling of his breezes have I been.

Her aversion for the base animal passion of Apollo and her perfect accord with the noble moral sentiments of Idas is followed by the thought of her human origin, and the ostensible incapacity of hers, therefore, to wed an immortal, when besieged with earthly cases for

" My mother; often as a child I pressed
My face against her cheek, and felt her tears;
Even as she smiled on me, her eyes would fill
Until my own grew ignorantly wet;
And I in silence wondered at sorrow.

What a frank out-pouring of child-like maidenly nature is this, and how well Austin Dobson pleases our soul when he dedicated his " Old World Idylls" to the English village girl whom he would describe :—

" But most to you with eyelids pure,
Scarce witting yet of love or lure ;—
To you, with bird-like glances bright,
Half-paused to speak, half-poised in flight;—
O English girl, divine demure,
To you I sing !"

How quaintly the manners and the very atmosphere of the bracing English rural life are reflected in the pure person of the Greek-named Marpessa could be fully enjoyed only by those who read the poem through. Her willingness to rest content with the lot of humankind in preference to the unlooked-for dole of favours from Apollo fills our mind with a sympathy for her resigned willingness and complacent attunement to earthly pleasure and pain, when she calmly rejoices

" Yet I being human, human sorrow miss.
The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved ; When comes the lovely wail
Over the mind ; Old men have told it me
Subdued after long life by simple sounds."

And on she continues with stoic equability

" To all this sorrow was I born, and since
Out of a human womb I came, I am
Not eager to forego it ; I would scorn
To elude the heaviness and take the joy,
For pain came with the sap, pangs with the bloom :
This is the sting, the wonder.————"

And her deep thought-out passion for human intercourse and longing for the company of things of this earth are thus mirrored with the rapture of Keats,

"But if I love with Idas, then we two
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
In odours of the open field, and live
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
And he shall give me passionate children, not
Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
But clambering limbs and little hearts that err."

Her notion of wedded life and of the sweets and stings that accompany it have a subtle charm of their own, as Marpessa tells Apollo,

"And on the crowd I will take his arm, and feel
Him closer for the press. So shall we live.
And though the first sweet sting of love be past,
The sweet that almost venom is; though youth,
With tender and extravagant delight,
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,
Pass off;"

She is sure that according to human experiences, there shall be a faithful peace, following married life and her mortal husband will value her company even though the first fervour of young love be gone. With the decline of years and the dim-grown old age the mutual attachment would strengthen and life would become a benign blessing as the husband and wife shall have learnt to be

"Still like old friends, glad to have met, and leave
Behind a wholesome memory on the Earth."

The graceful scorn in which she held the alluring smile of the cunning Appollo comes up when she seriously interrogates him

"And thou beautiful god, in that far time
When in thy setting sweet thou gazest down
On this grey head, wilt thou remember then
That once I pleased thee, that I once was young?"

And the bewitching stillness of sundown is echoed with all the vividness of a painting of Turner's when the poet concludes

"——Then slowly they,
He looking forward, and she gazing up,
Into the evening green wandered away."

The effect these lines bring on the reader's mind can only be compared with that of the closing lines of Matthew Arnold's "Soharb and Rustum." The poem deserves the greatest praise for its persistent loftiness of tone, for the impassioned accuracy of a high imagination, for its extremely poetical quality and for that suffusion of greately-marked joy for Nature's lavish life which is the one jubilant note of Keats.

The grim and tragic story narrated in "The Wife" is of a piece with "The Woman with the Dead Soul," and if "Marpessa" displays the author's wonderful mastery of blank verse, "The Wife" is an excellent attempt at rhyming poetry. There is an intensity and vividness, a suggestive reservation, and a picture-wording with stinging innuendo, that might have done credit to some of the best creations of George Eliot's fancy. The poem is sure to have an uncanny look for the Hindu mind but still the reader ought to know that it pourtrays an individual situation, a true story. The key-note is struck when the poem begins

"Her husband starved; and gazed up in her face:
There was no crumb of bread in the bare place."

The story shows the cruel extremities to which a young wife with a few children might run when her dear-loved husband is steeped in indigence and helplessness. The self-sacrifying affection of the young woman, and the inscrutable bondage tying her to him are well seen when

"——Like a martyr robing for the flame,
She wound the shawl about her without shame;
Lo in the red shawl sacredly she burned,
Her face already into ashes turned."

As she gets into the streets her little son follows her, and after pacifying his sorrow, she forcedly smiles at him effectually hiding her mental agony. With true daughter-like devotion she tries to do what best she could to bring and give her husband food. The duty to her husband is with her a more sacred thing than even the love for her children and she says to her child in sweet softness when it caught at her dress with the famished face of misery and starvation,

"——O cruel new-born thing!
The years to you a gentleness will bring;
Then think of me as one that not in thought,
But out of yearning into woe was brought."

The next poem is named "Faces at a fire" and the title tells us what the poem speaks about. It is in rhymed hexameter displaying the same mastery of versification and fancy which we saw in the poet's "Marpessa." A hazy moral lurks beneath the poem and that is,

"Wonderful souls by sudden flame betrayed,
I saw; then through the darkness went afraid"

The poem teaches us that in the grip of an unforseen crushing catastrophe the true nature of mankind

comes to the surface. and we see every one in his true complexion. Examples await us with ruthless misery and careless bliss in

> " The hungry tramp with indolent gloating stare,
> The beggar in glory and released from care.
> A mother slowly burning with bare breast,
> Yet her consuming child close to her prest!
> That prosperous citizen in anguish dire,
> Beseeching heaven from purgatorial fire! "

The next poem " the Lily " is a plain allegorical vision, and under the parable of a garden with sweet-smelling ephemeral flowers and slow-destroying hand of Death hovering over them, the poet points to the transient human existence, and the relentless end that awaits it. He alludes to a "rose" as being "a passionate Eastern queen," and a "poppy" as "a dreamer frail," and to him

> " ———from those human flowers,
> A tragic odour like emotion rose."

" To Milton——Blind " is a powerful apostrophe, and a grand outpouring of sympathetic reverence and admiration. Mr. Phillips in verse of undoubted sublimity tells us that the darkness which had fallen on the eyes of Milton was but the shadow of Gods' protecting wings. The poem is in blank verse and has the serene majestic march of Milton's poetry. The poet addresses Milton

> " He gave thee back original night, His own
> Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
> Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang."

And then says

> " Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
> The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
> Or pace the wide air everlastingly."

After " To Milton——Blind" there follow a collection of neat little poems, more or less didactic in aim, faultless and facile in expression. Of these "Lazarus" is written in memory of a dead friend with excellent pathos. It paints under the cloak of an apostrophe the yearning mind of the true lover or friend left on this earth below to have a look on the form of, or at least to have communion with, the soul which once was his. What more can we require in the way of a true tribute of amity at the hands of a cordial friend than the thought

> " Thy face, dear friend, whom I so long have known.
> Have we not wandered with turned arms, and walked
> Through evening fields together?"

" Faith " is the next little poem which is a gem. It gives expression to the silent feelings of a man who has lost a dear female child, and who after the first pangs of misery and sorrow are over, brings himself to see the justness of the Law whose action is nothing but order, harmony and love,

> " Yet I discern with clearer brow
> A high indulgence in the blow,
> Light in the storm that o'er me broke,
> A special kindness in the stroke,
> A gentleness behind the Law,
> A sweetness following on the awe.

Further on the poet speaks,

> " Thy Judgement still to me is sweet ;
> I feel, I feel, that we shall meet."

" By the Sea " is a delicate piece narrating in finest poetry the recollections of a ramble with a young friend by the sea-side. It contains beautiful passages and an invidious quotation will mar the value of the poem as a whole. Yet a passage will not be out of place to give an idea of the true poetic quality of the piece. The poet addresses his young friend

> " And the sea-bloom, the colour of calm wind,
> Was on your cheek; like children then we kissed,
> Innocent with the sea and pure with air ;"

As the friends were returning home the heavens were rapidly changing tints,

> " While veil on veil the heaven was bared ;
> And a new glory was on land and sea,
> And the moist evening fallow, richly dark,
> Sent up to us the odour cold of sleep,
> The infinite sweet of death : So we returned,
> Delaying ever, calm companions,
> Peacefully slow beside the moody heave
> Of the moon-brilliant billow to the town."

"A. S. P." is another poem speaking about a woman who seems to have been in the relation of the author's friend, and her moral convictions breathe a fragrance of the modern " Religion of Humanity " so well spoken about by John Morley in his "Rousseau." For

> " She drugged her brain against realities,
> And lived in dreams, and was with music fed,
> Imploring to be spared e'en sweetest things "

and

> " She craved no Paradise but only peace."

In " the Question " we see a father and son conversing in a somewhat unwonted fashion. The son asks the father to assign a reason why he was born so weak and vigourless and the father replies that it might be due to his own indiscretion in his early days and says,

> "My son, when I was young and free,
> When I was filled with sap and glee,
> I squandered here and there my strength
> And to thy mother's arms at length
> Weary I came, and over tired ;
> With fever all my bones were fired;
> Therefore so soon thy strength is flown."

One might think the poem savours a little bit of the indelicate but the earnestness and paternal sympathy of the father covers his replies with a pathetic and tear-compelling charm.

Of all the small poems it is little doubtful that "Beautiful Death" is the brightest and most mellifluous. The poem is worthy of Shelley and is instinct with a passionate love for communion with "the Spirit of Nature" to have which the soul of Shelley would indeed thrill with thirst. The key in which Shelley sings in "Queen Mab" rises to a chime of exhilarating symphony in "Beautiful Death." Death is nothing but the snapping of life-immuring bonds and the liberty to join and become one with Nature. It is not the painful sting of inanition and decay but the glorious metamorphsis enabling the buzzing golden bee to emerge from the less gay-tinted chrysalis. Our poet's view of Death may not be welcome to the rabid clergy but it has a nobilty and loftiness which is the poet's own. He asks,

"Why dreadest thou the calm process of death ?
To miss thy wife's illuminating smile ?
No more to proudly touch thy child's bright hair ?
To leave this glorying green, this flashing sun ?
Yet Death is full of leisure and of light;
Of compensations and of huge amends."

The dead man is according to Mr. Phillips everything in creation and his spirit becomes the pulsating life of every element of visible Nature. He might wander as a breeze

"thro' the ward,
Balm to the sick, a cool and vagrant bliss."

He will drop like dew on the thirsty place and hasten to the eager land like a cloud. He can move on

"Conspiring with the summer plans of lovers, scent
From evening hedge the walk of boy and girl."

and can live

In solaces, caresses and in balms,
Nocturnal soothings and nutritious sighs.
The unhappy mind an odour shall be breathed ;"

and he shall

"Assist this bland and universal scheme,
Industrious, happy, sweet, delicious, dead !"

"The Prisoner" is a small piece of five quartrains telling us how a young husband that returned from incarceration met with a strange welcome at the hands of his wife. He entered jail as a blooming young man enjoying all the respect and admiration of his wife and returns in decrepitude and poverty scorned and taunted by her.

"The Wound" grapples with the disputed Christian theological problem whether souls that believed not in the vicarious redemption of Christ could ever be saved. The poem may not be tasteful to the Christian divines since it ends by an imaginary person introduced to the presence of Christ speaking against the narrow nature of the Christian doctrine in a glib spirit.

"The new De Profundis" is the counterpart of "The Wound." The poet does not much mind about a Heaven or a Hell, in fact, about any sort of *post mortem* experience, provided only he can be sure of a persisting life,

"Ah, welcome fire, eternal fire
To burn for ever and not tire !
Better Ixion's whirling wheel,
And still at any cost to feel !
Dear Son of God, in mercy give
My soul to flame, but let me live ! "

In "The Apparition" a living lover and a dead love are introduced, and the mental yearnings of the lover and the apparitions of the love are described.

There are only three lyrics and every one of them is delicate and balmy, having the quaint odour of Burns. The first lyric longs for "the laughter of a girl that's dead" the second for the presence of a wife that "has passed," and the last, which is the best, mourns the death of a dear lady-love. From the last, one can not refrain from quoting the lines,

"Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent,
Thy mystery spread upon the evening mere,
And yet ! .... "

"Christ in Hades" is the last long poem in the present collection of poems and it, as the author calls it, is "a phantasy." There are a good deal of excellent lines in this piece, and the blank verse reminds us of "Marpessa." A whole band of miserable souls including poets, commanders, kings, peasants and what not crowd in Hades and their queen is Persephone. A disgust is felt by the queen as well as by the sojourners in Hades that the ways of God are going wrong and the prevalence of the so-called moral law is an empty dream. At this juncture Christ comes in and many souls make prayers to him bringing forward their respective complaints. Christ is at first minded to release the souls from their present misery on the strong representations of a Titan but ultimately after a good deal of wavering and on account of inability to judge by himself He does not do the souls any good. Then they all get sullen and dissatisfied and

"Hades her interrupted life resumed."

The poem merely seeks to deal a deathblow on the untenable doctrine of vicarious suffering and the

unbending rigidity of the Law of Nature. Christ himself is not free from it and must pay the penalty for his mal-actions if any. Christ's suffering can not do any good to any man and every one will have to reap his own fruit consonant to the nature of action he has done. According to the poem when Christ was asked to pardon the sins of Hades-bound souls, He thought over and over,

"But as he stood, gazing, from time to time
He seemed to swerve, as though his hand grew red,
Or move, as though to interrupt some sight."

The poem as a whole is masterly in treatment having such a richly-varying combination of details and such beautiful descriptions.

We have reviewed Mr. Phillip's poems one by one and it is now left for us to consider his general excellences as an artist and a poet. The great truth he strives to teach is to love beauty in every form as long as life lasts, and to be sure of becoming the beauty itself after death. To him as to Keats the great dictum is "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." To love the greenness of the meadows, to love the blue hills and sparkling cascades, to love the rosy-cheeked maidens, to love the sweet-scented flowers, to love the colour-changing heavens, these are the passion for Phillips as well Keats. To both of them life is for beauty's sake and death is only becoming one with the beautiful "Spirit of Nature." A prospect of Heaven never buoys them up and a frightful Hell never depresses them and they live for "the beautiful" in Nature and they must be united to the "beautiful" in Nature. Such is the teaching of Mr. Phillips' poetry.

The poetry of Phillips is delicate-scented and can not stand the rough-handling of anatomical criticism. It is suffused with true melody, with the true balm of delicious flowers, with the gentle colours of the rainbow. The first point that strikes any careful and critical reader of Mr. Phillips' poems is the steady and virile mastery of versification which gives to his numbers such a rippling flow. "Marpessa" is a graceful, tender poem, of sensuous and picturesque, but, essentially superficial and sweet verse. A certain philosophy, epicurean in tone inspires the poem. In "Christ in Hades" there is a strong and manly note audible. Intensity there is in Mr. Phillips' poems but it is the intensity of sensuous enjoyment. His muse is full of the spirit of the sunlit wood, the breezy headland, the fragrant garden-walks at dusk; his poems are redolent of the cheerful felicity that plays about the romance of young wedded life, the happy and ardent love of wife and husband, leisurely and unnoticed meetings of lovers in cool and delicious orchards, and unrestrained freedom to breathe the pure air of the blue sky, rambling along moss-grown walks gay with new-blown flowers. Mr. Phillips' "Marpessa" is clad in classical dress. In this he catches the true spirit, the unadorned sweetness of the Greek idyl. The ardent natural sense of enjoyment, without morbidity even in its sadness which is the essence of Greek feeling, needs no setting to declare itself. Hence the poet has felt, I venture to think, that there is no need to shift his readers to an earlier age and sunnier scenery than beyond in name. The Greek feeling can exist in the sweet seclusion of an Indian village, in London smoke, in the monastery of a Tibetan *Lamah*. From end to end "Marpessa" bespeaks the genial mirth of one who feels a happy youth useful, with promise of calm and gracious hours to come. But at the same time, as far as poetical power goes, both "Marpessa" and "Christ in Hades" are more nervous and vivacious than any of the author's other works. "To Milton Blind" and "Beautiful death" are the high water-mark of Mr. Phillip's genius. The haunting melody of "Marpessa," its serene and equable sweep, exalt the writer among his contemporaries; and for ardent feeling and pure workmanship his three lyrics rank nearly as high. Mr. Phillips is not always free from mannerism or misty expression. There is, however, a sweetness and dignity about his handling both of metre and rhyme which never degenerates into commonplace, and yet is never affected. In the difficult matter of epithets Mr. Phillips is a master. They are sometimes parodoxical at first sight but they justify themselves on examination. To give an expression or two as examples taken at random from his poems we may look at "sweetest surgery," "nutritious sighs" "indolent magnificence" and the rest.

Delicacy rather than intensity, fragrance rather than strength, is the key-note to Mr. Phillips' poems. Though we can not definitely seal him of a certain tribe, we are not safe in saying that Mr. Phillips is *sui generis*. He is not, however, an obsequious follower of any one. No doubt his dignity of versification has the near echo of Wordsworth and the spirit he is imbued with is that of Keats. Yet on examination we may also detect the subdued fire of Matthewn Arnold and the passion for wood and stream of Tennyson. But still the poet like the forest-flower may have self-grown and self-blown. We cannot on the whole deny that Mr. Phillips deserves a place in the front-rank of present-day poets, and for natural loveliness of passion and fire he claims a yet more honourable station.

V. V. RAMANAN.

THE

LIGHT OF TRUTH

OR

Siddhanta Deepika.

MADRAS, MARCH 1899.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Prof. MaxMuller's conversion.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we record the great change in the Professor's views. We refer to his acceptance of Dr. Thibaut's conclusions in regard to the true interpretation of the Vedanta Sutras of Badarayana. This is what he says in his last book, "Ramakrishna," p. 71. "It is difficult to say which of the two schools (Sankara's Advaita or Ramanuja's Visishtadvaita) was the more ancient, and *I am bound to acknowledge*, after Professor Thibaut's luminous exposition, that the Visishtadvaita interpretation seems to me more in keeping with the Sutras of Badarayana." And it took him nearly nine years to come round to face the real truth and acknowledge it. With all this change, of course we do not mean to say, he has changed his real faith in Sankara's doctrine. Yes, Sankara's system may be really a superior system but as we have often contended, it would not do to prove it by citing authority which does not support it and claiming antiquity which it does not possess.

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And we have been claiming attention for Dr. Thibaut's view since 1895, and not even a single Indian writer condescended to notice it. Such is the firm-hold bigotry has in the minds of the so-called liberal-minded people in this so-called liberal age. Dr. Thibaut's summary of opinion we give, in full, below. On p. 100. of his Introduction, he says,

"If now, I am to sum up the results of the preceding enquiry, as to the teaching of the Sutras, I must give it as my opinion that they do not set forth the distinction of a higher and lower knowledge of Brahman; that they do not acknowledge the distinction of Brahman and Iswara in Sankara's sense; that they do not hold the doctrine of the unreality of the world; and that they do not, with Sankara, proclaim the bsolute identity of the Individual and the Highest Self."

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The illusive Theory of Maya or Mayavada.

In his lectures on the Vedanta, p. 128, the learned Professor had already expressed his agreement with Colebrooke in holding that the illusive Maya-Vada was not the doctrine of the Vedanta. But his agreement was more fancied than real. The conception of Maya as Colebrooke understood it, and as the Professor understands it cannot be the same. And Dr. Thibaut draws a clear distinction betwen the two in the following word

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"The Upanishads no doubt teach emphatically that the material world does not owe its existence to any principle independent from the Lord, like the Pradhana of the Sankhyas; the world is nothing but a manifestation of the Lord's wonderful power and hence is unsubstantial (Asat) if we take the term substance (Sat) in its strict sense. And again everything material (Achit) is immeasurably inferior in nature to the highest spiritual principle from which it has emanated and which it now hides from the individual soul. But neither unsubstantiality nor inferiority of the kind mentioned constitutes unreality in the sense in which the Maya of Sankara is unreal. According to the latter, the whole world is nothing but an erroneous appearance as unreal as the snake for which a piece of rope is mistaken by the belated traveller, and disappearing just as the imagined snake does as soon as the light of true knowledge has risen. But this is certainly not the impression left on the mind by a comprehensive review of the Upanishads which dwells on their general scope, and does not confine itself to the undue urging of what may be implied in some detached passages &c."

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And yet if we may believe some prominent followers of Sankara, this Mayavada or Vivartavada is the root of Sankara's system and if this Mayavada is not borne out by the Upanishads (Dr. Thibaut points out that the word Maya does not even occur in most of the Upanishads except in Swetaswatara and Maitrayaniya and our challenge to point out the similes of "rope" and "snake" &c. in the 10 upanishads as yet remains unanswered. And then what becomes of Sankara's position? Our 'Aryan' critic no doubt has plenty of quotations and illustrations from the so-called Upanishads but unfortunately for him, they are all ignored by our learned Doctor and other great European scholars much in the same way as they are treated by our own Siddhanta writers.

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Professor Seshagiri Sastrigal's Report on the search for Sanscrit and Tamil Manuscripts

When we read para five of his report we recall the memorable words of the late Professor P. Sundram Pillai. Speaking of the meek and loyal son of the Tamil land he says, "Our Dwarf to boot is the most self-denying of ethnical units imaginable, claiming nothing, rejoicing in small mercies, and glorying in any nickname his proud, disdainful partner may be pleased to bestow on him." Like people, like language; and nobody thinks of the Tamil language, or of offering any inducement for its preservation or development, nor has any care been taken to preserve itsoldest writing from falling into decay and obscurity, and yet many a rare manuscript must have been in existence within the last few decades. The Veteran Tamil Scholar no doubt truly remarks that Tamil Scholarship is the direct road to poverty, in the extract which we elsewhere publish today. However better days would seem to be in store for Tamil when a Scholar like Prof. M. Seshagri Sastrial speaks up for it in the following words.

"A noteworthy feature of these Reports is that they include the catalogues and notices of rare and important Tamil manuscripts acquired during the search of Sanskrit manuscripts, and these additions will, undoubtedly, enhance the usefulness of these Reports in Southern India, which possesses a vast and very ancient Tamil literature claiming as much attention on the part of Government as the literature of Sanskrit, and which deserves to be explored as the latter literature has been for the last many years. For this purpose I intend to apply to Government for an annual grant of Rs. 1,619, which, I earnestly hope, will be sanctioned."

We hope Government will see it fit to render justice even at this late stage. The report and the other contents, by the way, are most useful and we have to congratulate our Professor in already unearthing some rare manuscripts. The extracts from the Tamil manuscripts give a fair idea of their contents though a proper handling of them will require several volumes.

We have to thank the Professor also for his Tamil Edition of his rare work on Philology.

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Gnana Darsani.

This is a delightful book we read, full of old saws and maxims, happily illustrated and explained. The column containing these sayings was the attraction of Mr. Nataraja Iyer's '*Lokopakari*' and we are glad he has seen it fit to reprint them in such a handy and neat form as he has now presented to us. We hope the book will have a good sale as it well deserves to be, and thus stimulate Mr. Nataraja in his labours.

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The Pudukota Sanscrit Journal and Bhagavata Purana.

The last number contains in the English part an extract from Professor Wilson's essays in which he discusses the question of the age and the authorship of the Bhagavata Purana. The Professor upholds the traditional view which ascribes it to one Boppa Deva, a famous grammarian, who lived about the 11th century. Our contemporary publishes the extract without any comments but we should like him to discuss the subject in a throughly historical and critical spirit with reference to the external and internal evidence. And this would make an advance in Indian scholarship, which hitherto has concerned itself in quoting and imitating, and accepting every old tradition as true.

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The Dravadian Sangam.

The preliminary meeting has come and gone. The chairman opened the proceedings with a most hopeful speech. There was some useful and varied discussion. Every body seemed however animated with the spirit of achieving some practical good. We hope the committee would soon present a workable scheme ere long. We hear the inaugural Meeting comes off on the 22nd April.

Dr. Pope's latest work.

We elsewhere publish the extract from the *Madras Mail.* We are informed that learned men who had an opportunity of looking into the work are of opinion that nothing has yet been published at all like it, concerning Siddhanta, and it will be an unique book when published. The readers are to bear in mind what the veteran Savant himself writes about Tamil authorship in another portion of this magazine. We firmly hope that the Tamil public would do its duty and warm the heart of the only old Tamil Scholar in England.

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We beg to acknowledge with thanks Mr. Govinda Charlu's "Bhagavat Gita with Ramanuja's commentary" and his Pamphlet on "Inspiration, Intuition and Ecstacy" and Mr. Billimora's Zoroastrianism, and the Tamil congress reports from Messrs. G. Subramania Iyer and Durasami Pillai. We hope to notice some of these publications in detail ere long.

EXTRACT.

"GOD HAS NO OPPOSITE."

(A SERMONETTE FROM THE PERSIAN.)

BY PROFESSOR LAWRENCE MILLS, D.D., OXFORD.

(This little piece was suggested to me by a fresh consideration of the doctrines of rational dualism as set forth in the Pahlavi literature. See the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for July, 1897, pp. 103-110.)

We have all of us noticed that ideas develop not so much in circles as in spirals. We find the old thoughts coming again, as history unfolds itself, but they always reappear increased. This is perhaps as apparent as anywhere in the familiar argument by which we try to harmonise for ourselves the blemishes which observe everywhere in our personal destiny and in that of others—that is to say, in the argument by which we accepted these miseries on the score of antithesis.

Hegel, and Fichte before him, used this procedure more fully than others among moderns; but devout clergy whose religion no longer includes a cold acquiescence in human sufferings have often urged upon their hearers as a consolation the necessity of evil to the development of the good, of sorrow to the possibility of happiness.

But obvious as such thoughts may be, and vital as they certainly seem to all men in their attempts to smooth out the wrinkles on the face of things, we little expect to find them expressed to a nicety at such a time as the thirteenth century, and in such a place as Persia; and it is equally startling to find their very detail worked out in a style which reminds us of the much-praised but sometimes

belittled philosopher of Stuttgart* The Masnavi is the Bible of the Persians, and *Jelal u-din Rumi* is their apostle of the prophet. No book of antiquity, or modern days, is, all things considered, more remarkable than his production. Wit, humour, poetry and rhyme express its sometimes postprandial pantheism, and these are offset with conceptions which are often sublime and a piety which was doubtless sincere. When he comes to philosophical hair-splittings in the style of the mystics he is very acute, although, as he himself confesses, he often sews himself up. On this matter of antithesis he is especially rich, and he gives us in many a place "Hegelianism before Hegel." Here is a bit of his doctrine of limit.

"Errors occur not without some truth. If there were no truth, how could error exist. Truth is the Night of Power hidden among other nights in order to try the spirit of every night. Not every night is that Night of Power, nor yet is everyone devoid of power. If there were no bad goods in the world every fool might be a buyer, for the hard act of judging would be easy; and if there were no faults one man could judge as well as another. If all were faulty, where would be the skill? If all wood were common, where would be the aloes? He who accepts everything is silly, and he who says that all is false is a knave....

"Discern form from substance, O son, as lion from desert. When thou seest the waves of speech, know that there is an ocean beneath them. Every moment the world and we are renewed. Life is like a stream renewed and ever renewed (compare Hegel's 'All is flow' as borrowed from Heraclitus). It wears the appearance of continuity of form; the seeming continuity arises from the very swiftness of the motion (p. 3); a spark whirled round has the appearance of a circle."*

He expresses the principle of this on page 31, book i. Here he begins and slowly works his way up to a statement so great as nearly to silence us with respect for him. Commencing with the usual instance of light and colour, he goes on; "and so with mental colours. At night there is no light, and so no colour, but by this we know what light is, by darkness. Opposite shows up opposite as the white man the negro; the opposite of light shows us what is light; hence colours are known by their opposites. *God created pain and grief show to happiness through its opposite.* † Hidden things are manifested thus." And then come the (to a scholastic,) magnificent words, "*God has no opposite; He remains hidden.*" God has no opposite; He is all-inclusive. We are all of us a little pantheistic nowadays, although on Hegel's law we may still claim to be orthodox; and who that thinks has not been, or will not be, mentally moved by the conception of that inclusiveness. "He has no opposite."

All that exists exists through His will, and has ever so existed. The discoveries of physical science, the still more far-reaching ones of the purely mental, only define his indefinableness, and make Him greater.

He has no opposite, not in the realms of the moral idea, not in the close distinctions of the exact or the *quasi* exact sciences, not in the physical astrologies of the skies not in the range of mathematics surpassing imagination, nor in the scope of æsthetics which are as minute as they are expanded. The telescope and the microscope are as powerless as is that world of sensibility which is called into life by music or colour. Nowhere is He arrested or described. Sorrow cannot say to Him "Here is your limit," nor Pain declare "Me you never made." Even the old conceptions of future torment which exist clear and distinct as ideas at least, almost as dreadful as the supposed realities; nothing, nothing is without Him, or so opposed as to define Him; He has no opposite. But He has detail, if we might so express ourselves. He has no opposite, but His actual deeds and attributes are made up of them. He can never be defined, but we can approach a definition. Every opposite that we discover brings Him nearer. All the thronging results of science may be said to be the discoveries of opposites. Every opposite, found out by brain, or eye, or glass, or measure; every tool with its adopted edge, every structure in the subdivisions of mechanics is an added item in the rearing of that great edifice made up of difference out of which we approach Him. Without the recognition of difference no conciousness can exist, and the pang of misery is the actual condition to the thrill of rapture as to the calm of peace.

Surely it is a consoling as well as an impressive thought to the thinker, that notwithstanding the conflicts in his mental processes he does not think in vain that to the universe of opposites on which he works there is a unity towards which he may indefinitely progress.* "God has no opposite"; it gives consolation to the *doer*, for he knows that every result which he brings forth, sharply facing either menace or defect, brings him nearer to the Harmonised. Well may we accept the "pulse of thought," "the grasp," "the split," "the combination."† What consolation above all it gives the *sufferer*! How oppositions tend to make us doubt! How can there be a purpose in so much treason, such equivocation, and such oppression as we see? How is it possible that there can be anything so mean? Surely here, if anywher, is God's Opposite. Yet even here the old Persian's ward holds good. God means the catiff as the only being that can define the good. That good is somewhere, and all of us will be sure some day to find it out. God has no opposite, and He perhaps never makes us more acutely sensitive to His Goodness than when He permits us to recoil and disgust from what seems the contradictory opposite of all that He can be.

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* Hegel was born in Stuttgart where a marble slab bearing his name is set in the facing of the house which claims to be his birthplace.

* Compare book ii, page 165. I have not followed Mr Wynficld's most imperessive and effective translation literally, but I have preferred it to others.

† The Italics are mine.

* Compare Kant's "Ad Indefinitum,"

† Compare Hegel's "Begriff, urtheil, schluss."